

New York, Feb. 16, 1853.

Dear Wife:

181 I got through to this city, on Tuesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock — therefore in ample season for the evening lecture. I was just "as busy as a bee" with my pencil, the whole distance, writing the remainder of my address, which I finished just before my arrival, not removing from my seat, but for a moment, from Boston to New York. The jolting of the cars was often so great as to make it exceedingly difficult to write a word, and therefore my labor was very great. Of course, with my spinal trouble upon me, I was very much exhausted on my arrival, and felt more like going to bed than delivering a speech.

I found Oliver Johnson at the depot, and went home with him to tea. The weather was perfectly execrable — rainy, foggy, dispiriting — and the walking something less than knee-deep

in mud. No evening could have been more unpropitious for my lecture — my usual luck. The Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, Jersey, and other ferry boats, found navigation difficult and dangerous, in consequence of the dense fog; and the result was, that hundreds who intended to be at my lecture, were deterred from coming over. I was prepared, therefore, to see "a beggarly account of empty boxes," on my going to the Tabernacle, but was agreeably surprised to find a large and substantial audience waiting for my appearance, who warmly applauded me as I walked down the aisle. I got through with reading my lecture quite as well as I expected, though my voice was somewhat hoarse. My language was strong, and my accusations of men and things, religion and politics, were very cutting; but, strange to say, not a single hiss or note of disapprobation was heard from beginning to end, but some of my strongest expressions were the most loudly applauded. At the close, at the request of the editors of the New York Times, through their reporter, I gave my manuscript entire to be published in that widely circulated

daily; and the next morning, it was published entire in that paper, occupying more than four columns of the smallest type. Was not that marvellous, as a work of despotism, and as a sign of the times? The Executive Committee of the A.S. Society purchased five hundred copies of the Times for distribution. The address is to be published in the Standard, and they have ordered five hundred copies of that paper. Finally, they will print it in a small tract, and so I shall have delivered it to a large number of people, in spite of the bad weather. It seemed to give great satisfaction universally.

Catharine and aunt Charlotte were at the lecture, but I could only see them for a moment that evening. Yesterday, I was so hindered at the Anti-Slavery Office, in various ways, that I had no time to call upon George; for early in the afternoon, I had to go over to Jersey city, and take the cars for Paterson, to fulfil my appointment for that evening. The weather was even more unpropitious than the previous evening, and I thought the meeting must inevitably prove a failure. But, though the waltz was so bad that only three

or four females were present, the hall
was crowded with men. They have
had no anti-slavery teaching or lecturing
in the place, and my effort was an exper-
iment. It succeeded beyond all expec-
tation. I spoke precisely two hours, and
was continually applauded throughout.
Not a note of disapprobation was heard—
yet I spared "nothing and nobody."

This morn'g I returned to the
city, and am now with George and Cath-
arine at their rooms. George has been
poorly for several days past, but is looking
better than I expected, and seems in good
spirits. Catharine is quiet, calm, and
angel-like, as usual. Tommy was very
much pleased with Franky's valentine,
and sends his thanks to the dear boy. George
is here also, and all are making inqui-
ries about you all — especially dear
little Sarah, whom they greatly long to see,
and of whose health and happiness, and
improvement, it gives them much joy
to hear.

This evening, I am going with
the Gibbonses to see some spiritual
manifestations; and shall probably
be with you to-morrow at tea-time,
but may not till Saturday evening.

Ever yours, W. L. G.